

secretary write the provincial treasurer regarding the possibility of obtaining funds to build an extension to the present school; carried.

Henceforth, the regular meetings of the board will be held on the second Saturday of each month at 8 p.m.

at the trouble re Leslie Grossmith, who apparently promised a proportion of revenue from a concert held here to the school children. He did not come through and the secretary was instructed to communicate with Grossmith and see what the trouble is.











# JAMES JOHNSTON OF BASSANO

## ARRESTS

the attention of the people that he throws up his hands giving S. M. Playford Sales System a free hand to sell all the stock at whatever prices the goods will bring, meaning you can buy good honest merchandise at your own prices, yes and less than you would pay for them at an auction sale. Owing to the store being jammed from floor to ceiling with Bargains along with the crowds who have attended the Sale gives us but little time to quote you *but a thousandth part of the many Bargains* that await you at the store.

Look for the **YELLOW SIGN** and Be Sure to see the **YELLOW SALE TICKET**

Follow the Crowd up the Side Street to the Little Store With the Big Values

|   |   |  |   |   |
|---|---|--|---|---|
| <b>19c</b><br>Buys 35c worth of<br><b>TOWELLING</b><br>One Yard         | <b>\$2.95</b><br>Buys \$10 worth of<br><b>MEN'S OXFORDS</b><br>the pair         | <b>63c</b><br>Buys \$1.25 worth of<br><b>SHEETING</b><br>One Yard              | <b>60c</b><br>Buys \$1.00 worth of<br><b>CIRCULAR PILLOW COTTON</b><br>One Yard | <b>45c</b><br>Buys 75c worth of<br><b>INDIAN HEAD</b><br>One Yard               |
| <b>\$1.45</b><br>Buys \$2.50 worth of<br><b>CAPS</b><br>one only        | <b>29c</b><br>Buys 50c worth of<br><b>WHITE TOWELLING</b><br>one yard           | <b>55c</b><br>Buys \$1 worth of<br><b>KIMONA CLOTH</b><br>one yard             | <b>50c</b><br>Buys \$1.00 worth of<br><b>CASHMERETTE</b><br>one yard            | <b>\$4.95</b><br>Buys \$8.50 worth of<br><b>LADIES' SILK WAISTS</b><br>one only |
| <b>45c</b><br>Buys 75c worth of<br><b>CURTAIN SCRIM</b><br>one yard     | <b>95c</b><br>Buys \$1.50 worth of<br><b>HOUSE APRONS</b><br>one only           | <b>\$1.65</b><br>Buys \$3.25 worth of<br><b>TABLE CLOTHS</b><br>one only       | <b>\$1.75</b><br>Buys \$3.25 worth of<br><b>OVERALLS</b><br>the pair            | <b>\$5.95</b><br>Buys \$12.00 worth of<br><b>MEN'S SLATER BOOTS</b><br>the pair |
| <b>25c</b><br>Buys 90c worth of<br><b>LITTLE DAISY HOSE</b><br>the pair | <b>2.95</b><br>Buys \$8.00 worth of<br><b>LADIES' CLASSIC BOOTS</b><br>the pair | <b>\$2.35</b><br>Buys \$3.00 worth of<br><b>TOMATOES, CORN PEAS</b><br>12 cans | <b>25c</b><br>Buys 40c worth of<br><b>LOWNEY'S COCOA</b><br>1-2 pound           | <b>50c</b><br>Buys 90c worth of<br><b>ORANGES</b><br>the dozen                  |
| <b>55c</b><br>Buys 75c worth of<br><b>BLUE RIBBON TEA</b><br>the pound  | <b>\$1.45</b><br>Buys \$1.85 worth of<br><b>BLUE RIBBON COFFEE</b><br>the pound | <b>5c</b><br>Buys 10c worth of<br><b>THREAD</b><br>the spool                   | <b>\$1.25</b><br>Buys \$2.00 worth of<br><b>BOYS' SWEATERS</b><br>one only      | <b>\$1.45</b><br>Buys \$5.00 worth of<br><b>HATS</b><br>one only                |

S. M. PLAYFORD SALES SYSTEM OF WINNIPEG AND CALGARY

-- SELLING --

**JAMES JOHNSON Merchandise**  
*At Your Own Prices---10 Days Only*







## CLASSIFIED ADTS.

## Grain Prices

|                       |      |
|-----------------------|------|
| Local elevator prices |      |
| Wheat, No 1           | 1.54 |
| Oats, 2 northern      | .70  |
| Flax                  | 1.65 |
| Rye                   | 1.15 |
| Wheat on track        |      |
| Cash wheat            |      |

**DR. A. G. SCOTT**  
M.B. Promie, M.D. (C.M.A.)  
**PHYSICIAN**  
and **SURGEON**  
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BASSANO, ALBERTA

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For dates and terms apply to  
P. O. BOX 95  
Patronize your home auctioneer  
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Estimates given free on all work.

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Undertaking Parlors  
Night and day service  
Phone 105 P. O. Box 64  
BASSANO ALBERTA

**Bassano Lodge**  
No. 55  
A. F. & A. M.  
Meets first Tuesday of each month.  
Visiting Brothers always welcome.  
E. R. Weir, W. M. E. H. McCaughey, Sec.

**BASSANO PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**  
Services—7:30 p.m.  
Sunday School at 10:30 a.m.  
Rev. T. S. PATON.

**CHURCH of THE BLESSED VIRGIN**  
(ANGELICAN)  
Corner 5th Avenue and 5th Street  
Services every week as advertised.  
Sunday School 3:00 p.m.  
Rev. D. L. Greene, B.A. Incumbent

**Dr. B. E. BARLOW**  
Veterinary Surgeon  
Dentist  
Day and Night Calls Promptly  
Attended.  
Office:  
The Exchange Stables,  
Bassano.

Phones: Office, 24; Residence, 20.

**BASSANO DAIRY**  
Purveyors of Rich  
Milk and Cream.  
Special Cows for Infants  
and Invalids.  
Proprietors:  
E. E. UDALL & SONS.

## ALBERTA'S BUTTER OUTPUT

C. P. Mackenzie, Dairy Commissioner of Alberta, is of opinion that the province's dairy production will reach twelve million pounds this year. Thus the record output of 1919 will be reached and may possibly be exceeded.

added. Mr. Mackenzie considers the dairy industry of the province to be in a healthy state. "Dairy cattle," he says, "are worth as much now as they were in the spring, and the prices of all dairy products have been well maintained."

## If It Comes From This Store It's Good

**Come up the Side Street, opposite the Post Office**

**"IT PAYS!"**

**JAMES JOHNSTON**

*The Quality Store*

## LUMBER PRICES REDUCED

Our invariable custom is to keep our merchandise priced in harmony with the going market. General commodity prices are going down.

The trend downward which was bound to come after an exhaustive advance has begun to tell. In line with two previous reductions this fall, we have adopted a new price list which is a reduction from \$2.00 to 25.00 per thousand from the extreme high point last spring.

On goods that have actually declined in price you are getting the full benefit on the decline. On other items we are anticipating lower values in making a price close to cost, add in some cases lower than the original wholesale cost.

The policy of this Company is to co-operate with you. Let us show you the difference of 2¢ time like this up our part is part and parcel of our partnership with the public.

Do not lose sight of the high quality of our goods. We pick this material from a dozen different markets. We are wood specialists.

The system of a "Square Deal" oils the wheels of progress. The merchant needs the customer. The customer needs the merchant. One cannot exist without the other. This combination makes commerce.

**Crown Lumber Co. Limited**  
JOS. WRIGHT

Box 26 For 12 years your local Manager. Phone 31

## Countess News

Miss Cecile, one of the most charming, visiting her sister, Mrs. Gaudet. Mr. and Mrs. Max Gamble, Bassano, and Miss Ethel Chamberlain of Gerny attended the reception given for Mr. and Mrs. Royal Burrows, Wednesday night.

There will be a dance at the Young Men's Club house on Jan. 14th. All are invited.

## Crowfoot

Mr. J. O. Reynolds and family returned to their farm and says Canada looks good to me.

Mr. Roy Nesbitt made a business trip to Calgary this week-end. The Crowfoot Farming Co. have just finished unloading six cars of coal which looks like business again.

Mr. Arthur Guyatt has again returned to Calgary. It looks that Arthur believes in making hay while the sun shines even if it is in winter. Boys, sit up and take notice.

Mr. Kye Metheny left for Calgary for a week or so visiting friends.

## Lathom

A White Drive was held at the house of Mr. and Mrs. D. Bennett on the night of Jan. 7th. The drive was very exciting and Arthur Bennett did waded through everything and won the men's first prize. He was presented with a beautiful penicillin. Miss Barton, the school teacher was the ladies first prize, a very pretty vase. Stuart Sandilord and Fred Bennett tied for the boys' prize. After the drive refreshments were served. Everybody had a splendid time.

Miss Violet Bennett and her sister, Lucy Bennett, left on Jan. 5th. Violet has returned to her studies at Garfield College, Calgary, while her sister has gone to Vulcan to resume her work as school teacher.

A few of the Lathom folks gave Mr. and Mrs. P. P. P. a little surprise on the night of Jan. 9th.

Miss Mary Jones of Calgary was a visitor with Miss Ida Wursten of Lathom during the holidays.

Mr. John Orr has returned from his visit in the east.

Mr. Holgate has returned to the States. Dry land farming didn't seem to agree with him. Its too bad that Alberta's dry.

Eighteen of the presidents of the United States, more at some time during their lives, suffered in active service.

## RURAL LIFE IN ALBERTA

It is a present problem of state-making not only to place but to keep open the land. Farming will always be a staple industry and the country will depend if that condition is so unvarying that it fails to attract settlers of the soil. Hon. Mr. Stewart of Alberta, has no faith in the "movements" and it is noteworthy that Mr. M. D. Dry, premier of Ontario, after a year's experience in government has reached the same conclusion. Rural and urban interests are mutual, dependent one upon the other and the aim of broad "Nationalism" should be to bring about a realization of this fact. Alberta is only in the process of making it a province of vast variety and varied resources. Not unnaturally, interest and discontent are excited at times by a crop failure here or there, and by a slow development. But the engine must have fuel. Hon. Mr. Stewart says his audience a message of confidence and assurance of Canadianism of the people of Alberta, recent alone though many of the have been in head and tail. He tells us that west and east are one—Montreal Gazette.

At the close of the old year we mentally review the year we have lived; we bring to mind the failure to realize our expectations. To some, bereavement has come, the loss of those near and dear. To some a little house, long a cherished dream, has become a reality. To some it has brought easier circumstances in life. To others it has brought increased worry.

What shall the year 1921 hold in store for each of us? Do we expect to travel the journey again or do we look to "The Gift of every good and perfect gift."

Have we opened our hearts to Christ who has stood at our door and knocked? "If any man hear my voice, and openeth the door, I will come in and sup with him, and be with him." Will any man refuse an offer of divine wisdom? How can any man refuse such a Counselor, Companion and Friend? A Friend who sticks closer than a brother, who shields us from temptation who carries us over the rough places, smooths us in our sorrows, rejoices in our triumphs, whispers "Lean on me" for "underneath are the everlasting arms."

Shall we not say to God in our hearts, "O Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief." And then in the knowledge of our sin, forgiveness, and faith in our Lord, can we not pray with fervent the unseen journey, cleaving to the goal, displacing the evil, ever harkening to the still small voice of wisdom. Let us enter the new year with a fresh approach still closer to the Master; to think as he thought, to go about as he went, knowing that his disciples are with the sons of men.

Let us remember that God's loving kindness are over all his works; that "God is Love." That all men move under a canopy of love as broad as the blue sky above us.

May 1921 bring to each of us a greater spirit of service, a greater point of love for God, for our fellow men, a realization of the truth as it is, a deeper, an ever spiritual happiness may abound.

## Big Irrigation Project

Preliminary surveys have been made in the region north of the Red Deer river and south of the Canadian National railway for irrigation purposes and P. H. Peters, commissioner of irrigation, has recommended that an intensive survey be commenced next spring. The project is to irrigate the above mentioned vast territory from the North Saskatchewan river and was initiated by Mr. Peters, and old time civil engineer of Calgary. It is a seven mile project in the world. Buffalo Lake is the proposed reservoir for the system and it is proposed to distribute water as far east as Saskatchewan.

The recommendations made by Mr. Peters has yet to be decided upon at Ottawa.

## THE ASSEMBLY

Bassano is to undergo a thorough run with patience the race set by the assessor, plans not only a survey of the town's area and buildings, but the collection of data regarding the inhabitants. In other words, it will be a census taking and assessment survey combined. By this means the necessary basis for gathering information that will be important to the council in the course of the regular transaction of business. This may be a good plan as very few are possessed of accurate information in this respect.

## WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR Car Overhauled

Consider the service and equipment we have at your disposal. Every part of the car is gone over with the utmost care and we specialize on battery and electrical work. Our guarantee is behind every job we do. Our equipment enables us to tell the exact condition of your battery at once.

Oxo Acetylene Welding Lathe Work  
Battery Re-charging  
Magneto and Generator Repairing

**W. E. SAMBROOK**  
BASSANO ALBERTA

## Care of the Hair

## Beautiful Hair Needs Constant Care

GOOD judgment and knowledge is necessary in the selection of Hair Brushes, Combs, Hair Tonics, Shampoo and Hair Dressings.

Your Rexall Store will be very glad at any time to consult with you on the subject of care of your hair, and give you the benefit of our technical knowledge and experience.

We have a complete stock of Hair Brushes, Combs, Hair Tonics, Shampoos, Shampoo Brushes, Soaps and every need for hair cleansing and dressing.

## Stiles - "The Druggist"

The Rexall Store

## Unusually Fine Program at The Gem Theatre this week

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

Wallace Reid in

"Always Audacious"

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY

A Big Thomas Ince Special  
"Behind the Door"

Admission 50c.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

A Rex Beach Story

"The Girl From Outside"

Admission 50c.

242 IMPLEMENTS  
PHONE 22 GARAGE  
65 RESIDENCE

Fordson Tractor



Let Us Demonstrate

Dear Sirs:

NOT ABOUT THE WINTER STORAGE BATTERY  
We are now doing a lot of business with friends that we can give them modern battery service. We have so arranged our equipment to handle a large number of batteries. We have the EXIDE agency and give EXIDE service.

Every owner who has a car set up for the winter should have his battery properly cared for, neglect to do so means trouble in the spring. There is nothing more important to the owner than a few words of advice regarding his battery.

We have WET STORAGE and DRY STORAGE, but the dry is what we recommend, this stops the life of the battery, the parts being properly treated and placed in individual bins, and upon one week's notice in the spring you receive your battery fully charged and full of E.P.F. When the battery is dismantled you will be fully notified in the event of any parts being defective, when ample time is given to have the renewals made, saving yourself the annoyance of discovering it at the time you most need your battery.

The charge for DRY STORAGE is \$2.00 per month which includes dismantling, discharging, recharging and reassembling. The WET STORAGE costs \$1.50 per month, which means a constant trickle all winter, a weekly test being made.

Act now and you will have no regrets in the spring and no new battery to buy.

Yours truly,  
ROY SMITH.

**Roy Smith**

Ford Agent  
Garage and Auto Tires  
A. E. C. Tins Tractors  
and Implements

Bassano, Alberta, Dec. 14th, 1920.

All Kinds of  
Tires, Tubes and  
Auto Accessories  
Oils, Greases



**THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST**

**MAGI BAKING POWDER**

**CONTAINS NO ALUM**

**CHILDREN'S CORNER**

The Children of Today Are the Parents and Citizens of Tomorrow. In Years to Come the Destinies of Canada Will Be in Their Hands.

My dear Boys and Girls:

By the time you read this letter you will have started on a New Year. I wonder how many of you have made good resolutions. Resolutions to be obedient, to control your temper, to do kindly things to others, to remember that you are placed in this world for a purpose not just to please yourselves. If you have done this and have invoked the aid of the Father in Heaven who loves each one of us, the New Year for which I will indeed be a glad and happy one.

How many of our readers keep a diary? I think it is a splendid thing for boys and girls to write down each day a summary of their doings. In after years you cannot imagine how interesting it will be to look back at the different days and recall the things which do not seem so very important at the time but which might easily be forgotten if they were not recorded, and which you will want at as happy memories when you grow up.

As I write this letter to you the snow is on the ground in Regina and the weather is very much colder, but after all we must expect it to be cold in the winter and it is a fact that people enjoy much better health when the weather is seasonable.

I have not received as many stories about your pets as I should have liked, but the competition is still open and I will keep it so until definitely until enough girls and boys have written to me to make it possible to give a prize.

I am very anxious to hear from you all from time to time and take a real interest in your welfare. If there is anything you would like to know and I will write to me about it I shall be glad to reply to your question and to give you the information you need. I will not write any more just now, but shall look for many letters from you soon.

Affectionately,  
AUNT BETTY.

**MR. SQUIRREL'S NUTS**

Near the bottom of the nicest tree in the forest was a large hole where Mr. Squirrel and his family lived. It was a delightfully warm, cozy home and they all loved it. All the fall Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel had worked day after day gathering nuts for their winter store.

"Well, Mother Squirrel," said Mr. Squirrel one day, "I think we have enough nuts to last us all winter. Now we can rest a little while."

How Mr. Squirrel chattered and scolded!

"Shut up!" said the boy. "The woods don't belong to you, you silly chattering things," and he went right on filling his sack until he had taken every single nut.

"Please leave just a few, little boy, or my family will starve this winter," begged Mr. Squirrel in despair. And Mrs. Squirrel and all the little Squirrel children begged too.

But the naughty boy just laughed and ran away with the nuts. Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel felt so badly about the loss of all their winter food that they sat down and cried.

and have a good time." So they raced about among the tree tops, and played and chattered as happy squirrels always do when their work is done.

These good times lasted until one fine day (when the Squirrel family had gone visiting) a little boy carrying an empty sack came along. He had a sour, disappointed look on his face until he spied that hole in the tree. At once he began to pry into it. Of course he found the nuts and had started to fill his sack when the Squirrel family returned.

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While they were crying, a little boy and girl came along, each carrying a basket. They stopped and watched the squirrels.

"Why, Buddy?" exclaimed the little girl. "I believe somebody has robbed their storehouse, and they'll never be able to get by next winter for food!"

Then a sudden thought came and she whispered something to Buddy so the Squirrel family could not hear. The boy nodded his head eagerly and the children hugged each other. They were so happy over the wonderful surprise they had planned for the Squirrel family.

The little girl opened her basket and Mr. Squirrel saw that it was full of nuts. Then she poured them out at the foot of the tree. "Take them," she said, "and eat them. My mother and father will take care of us."

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel were soon chattering again as hard as ever they could, but this time they were saying, "Thank you." The children went off with their empty baskets as happy as they could be, knowing they had helped a friend.

Meanwhile, the naughty boy was not satisfied with all the nuts he had stolen, and went about for more. His sack was heavy and so he emptied it out on the ground. As he searched for nuts here and there he wandered further and farther away. At last when he was ready to gather all his nuts together and go home, he could not find them. After awhile he gave it up and went home crying.

Soon after the little girl and her brother passed that way and found the heap of nuts. "We will call," said sister, "and see if these belong to them." They called and called and called, but no one answered. So they filled their baskets and went home with plenty of nuts for their Thanksgiving dinner.

**A Dominion Express Money Order for five dollars costs three cents.**

**HINTS FOR BOY SCOUTS**

**Fuel for Fire**

It perhaps may not always be easy to get wood for fuel and it is worth knowing that there are various other things that travelers use for this purpose. Bones of animals, especially if fresh, are very good, but even the bones of cooked meat, if added to a fire will burn well. The dry manure of cattle as found upon the ground is also useful and it is not at all disagreeable as fuel. If nothing better offers, dried seaweed will burn with great brilliancy, although it does not make a cheerful fire. If large logs are being used for fire, two or three of them should be arranged with the dark ends in the fire. As they burn away they are pushed forward and are burned according to a regular system.

**THE MAIL, BASSANO, ALTA.**

**Mark Well**

Your safeguard is the name

**Black, Green or Mixed Tea.**

**This is the genuine 'tea of all teas'.**

If you do not use Salada, send us a post card for a free sample, stating the price you pay for it. Address Salada, Toronto.

vides both chairs and table for you can sit on one side of the trench with the feet and legs in the hole and the other side of the trench makes a handy table. In this way you have a much more comfortable seat than if you just sat about on the ground or on any old log that happened to be around.

**FOR TINY TOTS**

A swarm of bees in June is worth a load of hay. A swarm of bees in May is worth a silver spoon. A swarm of bees in July is not worth a cent.

Straight is the path of duty. Curved is the line of beauty. Follow the first and thou shalt see the second following thee.

There was a little Rabbit spring Which, being little, was not big; He always walked upon his feet. And never ever even sat. When from a place he ran away He never at that place did stay.

**JUNGLE KITTENS**

If you were to go to Africa, that strange country where all the circus animals live when they are at home, you might see a place where the grass grows taller than corn does here, and where the kind of vines and creeping plants from the tops of trees different from any we have ever seen, and where thorn bushes and saw-edged leaves cut and tear one's flesh. This kind of place is called a jungle. And if you tried to enter it you would have to cut a path with an axe, so tangled and thick is the growth. But if you were to look very closely, you might discover a round, dark opening near the ground, with the green vines coming together overhead, forming a kind of a green subway, or tunnel.

And if you were to get down on your hands and knees, and follow the tunnel as it wound and twisted, after a while you would come to an open place, where the sun was shining, and at the far side of the opening, you would see a cave under a big slanting rock. And in front of the cave you could not help seeing three kind, dark, but when the sun drops out of sight over the tops of the trees, and a beautiful twilight settles down over the place, the wakes up and has her bath, which with us, means licking her rump up into shape. And then she snuggles each one of us to make

sure that we are her very own, and that we are all here safe and sound. And after a little while she disappears in the dark tunnel as silently as one of the shadows, and is gone. We are not afraid to be left alone, as on one evening we were out at night, and the only sound we ever hear is the distant rumblings of a lion's roar, or the howlings and cries of the night birds. But we have a good time, as we can see much better at night than when the sun is shining, and we romp and play, just like little tame kittens. Sometimes we run round and round in a circle and try to catch our own tails, something of course, which can't be done, but then, it is great fun just to try. And sometimes we play that we are hunting, and will creep along on our stomachs and spring on a leaf, and pretend it was an antelope or a zebra colt. And sometimes we would play a leap frog over each other, and sometimes we would run races to see which could overtake a friend faster. And while we would be having all kinds of fun, mother would appear as silently as she went out, and she would tell us to be good, and that we would have a half grown, buck slung over her shoulder, and this would be our feast and our eat. We would sit about her, and lick our chops, which meant we were ready as well as hungry. With her we would play, and she would tear the prey into the size of pieces that we could manage, and leave us to our feast.

And when he ran, as I am told. He never stood still for young of old; Tho' he's instructed by a cat. He knew a mouse was not a rat. One day, as I am certified. He took a whim and failed. And, as I'm told by men of sense. He never has been walking since.

**RIP VAN WINKLE**

Rip looked in vain for Nicholas Vedder with his broad face, double chin and long pipe issuing clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Brumel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, pale looking fellow, with his pocket full of handbills, was talking about a place where the rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, literary, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words which were a perfect puzzle to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty weapon, his uncouth dress and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bawled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in stupidity. Another shout, but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising up to him, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat.

Rip was equally at a loss when a knowing, self-important old gentleman made his way through the crowd, pushing them to the right and left with his elbows as he went. He looked at him before Van Winkle, with one hand on his side, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes penetrating as he went, into Rip's very soul, demanding in an austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

**THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER**

The man who wrote the following fairy story was one of the wisest men who ever lived, but like many other wise persons John Ruskin realized the value of his own wisdom, and he wrote the following fairy story for a little girl friend of his, and I am going to repeat it to you in this page every week, until it is finished.

In a secluded and mountainous part of Syria, there was in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks which were always covered with snow and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high that the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams heavy upon the snow, so that it looked like a shroud, and gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River.

**THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER**

The man who wrote the following fairy story was one of the wisest men who ever lived, but like many other wise persons John Ruskin realized the value of his own wisdom, and he wrote the following fairy story for a little girl friend of his, and I am going to repeat it to you in this page every week, until it is finished.

In a secluded and mountainous part of Syria, there was in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks which were always covered with snow and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high that the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams heavy upon the snow, so that it looked like a shroud, and gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River.

It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when the country round the river burnt up, there was still rain in the apples and its crops were so heavy that they lay low, and the apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who saw it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

**(To be continued)**

**HE IS TOO MATERIAL**

Thirty-five years' experience in married life, and observation of the lives of my married friends, lead me to the conclusion that gross materialism on the part of husbands is responsible for the disillusion of many otherwise happy marriages.

Most women are idealists and their rose colored glasses get so dark when they find out that John would rather lose a friend than have dinner a half hour late. And there is the question of personal cleanliness. Though men, as a rule, like to swim and enjoy being clean, they hate the modesty of the bathtub. How many times have I had to say during those thirty-five years: "Here's your clean underwear, take it out of the closet and put it in a bath." Or, "How long are you going to wear that pair of socks?"

Then there's the gourmand side of man! Once early in my married life, I was watching a beautiful young man reading his paper and I touched his arm. "Look, John! isn't that wonderful?"

John turned his head ever so slightly, removed his pipe and answered, "Uh huh. Looks like a lemon pie made for dinner. Let's go eat the rest of it."

"No, I do not contemplate a divorce. To the world we are just the ordinary, stupid, middle-class couple. Yet the poles are not further apart. We have reared a family, each child attaining a position in life, and we are still, intellectually and financially, I enjoy my club, music, art and literature. My husband enjoys the movies, his tobacco, and 'three squares a day.' I have one common ground. I love lemon pie and he loves to eat. As he is moral and upright, you will say I should be satisfied. One's soul cannot live without love. I feel as if mine had died years ago. I think it sank away gradually—another under tons of breakfast and onions—lemon pie.

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Increase your income at home in your spare time. You can earn \$10 to \$50 each week, writing short cards at home or office for a position paying a good salary each week. No experience or special talent necessary. We teach you how and supply you steady work. Write for full particulars.

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Limited, Room 64, 44 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Canada

**That the Duke of Rutland is prepared to sell his famous 'Don Quixote' tapestry made for Queen Elizabeth the first in existence. (He might take \$200,000 for them, but if you are very keen on getting them you had better offer a trifle more!)**

**HE'S MARRIED**

What if a boy gives in when he's right?

**THE GREATEST MARVEL OF THE UNIVERSE**

That All Children are Not Killed

Ladies in a position to judge declare that the greatest marvel of the universe is the fact that the children of this world are so long-lived. Children between one and four years of age discover so many evils of their surroundings in imminent peril of their lives that they must have a wonderful watchfulness on the part of mothers has kept them alive to populate the planet.

**A FABLE**

In a certain land there lived an important citizen, a slave and a number of ordinary men. The important citizen owned a large tract of land, cultivated it, diligently and prospered. His age grew with his wealth, and his constant reflection concerning his own worth taught him to think himself greater than the slave and the ordinary men.

One morning he announced his intention of strapping across a cornfield owned by a poorer neighbor and seizing the goods and lands of the ordinary men who dwelt near him. The ordinary men and the slave, drawn together by a common danger, procured weapons and met the important citizen in combat. In the midst of his battle the slave burst the chains that bound him, and forgetting all else, gave his new-found liberty retired from the fray to enjoy his freedom. The ordinary men fought on until the important citizen was beaten to the ground, and leaving him there, from him, their land and goods as penalty for his sins, retired to their homes to mend their wounds.

Moderation is taught by satiety. When one who has been destitute becomes wealthy he will not know the value of the things he has. One who has a new car feels a compelling urge to step on her and discover what she can do. Liberty man the slave drunk, and having had no experience in self-control or training in respect of his influence than brute force, he slew his master, wasted the master's goods, and developing this an appetite for plunder set out to seize the goods and lands of the ordinary men, as the important citizen had done before him.

Now the ordinary men had by hard experience learned the strength of union, and each realized that the new menaces were far more terrible than the old, and each was engaged at the task of cultivating the lands he had taken from the important citizen, each felt his sore spots and shuddered at the thought of another conflict; each felt the need of preserving his strength lest the important citizen should endeavor to start something a second time; the important citizen, on the other hand, his goods had left each a little suspicious and a little envious of the other, so that men of cowardice held them together.

The slave, having nothing to lose and being without scruple, pillaged the fields and murdered the servants of the ordinary men; and the land was given over to looting.

The moral is not that slaves should be kept chained, but that free men should remain close together and keep their clubs at hand. A liberated slave should have his fling and settled down to a calm and orderly existence.

**Neglect to Give Reports to Government**

Manufacturers of Montreal are being summoned to appear in court on January 5, charged with having neglected to furnish reports asked for by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Summonses have been issued charging that the manufacturers have "neglected or refused without lawful excuse to render the reports asked for under the Statistics Act."

**Gall Curci to Wed**

Mrs. Ann Marie Gall-Curci, grand opera singer of Canada, announced recently her coming marriage to Homer Samuels, her accompanist and the man whom her husband, Margus Louis Curci, sought unsuccessfully to involve in her divorce suit a year ago. Mrs. Gall-Curci, who won fame among the artists of the Chicago Opera Company in 1916, was born in Milan, Italy, in 1889.

**Procrastination**

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn? On the north side of River Slow Where blooms the Waitwhile flower fair, And the Some-time-or-other seeds scatter the air, And the soft Go-says grow? It lies in the valley of What's-the-kind-of-cherry, In the province of Let-her-be! The old "Tired feeling" is native there— It's the kind of the listless I Don't-care— Where the Put-it-off aside.

**The Put-it-off side when asked to pay up.**

And they say, "We'll do it tomorrow!" And so they delay from day unto day, Till death sidles up and steals the life from the air, And the creditors beg, steal, or borrow. —Walter Pulitzer in N.Y. Globe.

**IT IS SAID—**

(That a Kensington lady let her flat (that is, her house) for six months a little while ago, two months rent being paid in advance. At the end of the two months the lady said "I'm pree-sently that something was wrong. She came to London and investigated, to find that the tenants had flitted, taking with them every article of any value in the place—plate, linen, furniture, china and all.

That if it is true—as a doctor is said to have stated—that as a rule the fifth child is the healthiest of the family, must be a rule with very many exceptions.

That the sausage manufacturer who advertised in a local paper the other day was very much annoyed when he found that a mis-spelled family name must be the headline— "Sausage—Our Own Model."

**JERRY ON THE JOB— "That's Different"**

HERE - I WANT YOU TO TAKE A LOOK AT JERRY ELIOT'S BUSINESS BUILDING BOOK - IT'S FULL OF WISE CRACKS ABOUT BUILDING UP YOUR CHARACTER - AND BECOMING A SUCCESSFUL GUY.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO STAY IN ONE PLACE FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME AND HAVE NO FURNITURE IT IS A GOOD PLAN TO DIG A TRENCH. THIS PROVIDES BOTH CHAIRS AND TABLE FOR YOU CAN SIT ON ONE SIDE OF THE TRENCH WITH THE FEET AND LEGS IN THE HOLE AND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRENCH MAKES A HANDY TABLE. IN THIS WAY YOU HAVE A MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE SEAT THAN IF YOU JUST SAT ABOUT ON THE GROUND OR ON ANY OLD LOG THAT HAPPENED TO BE AROUND.

IF YOU ARE NOT STAYING LONG ENOUGH IN ANY PLACE FOR IT TO BE ADVISABLE TO DIG A TRENCH YOU CAN GATHER UP AND DRY LITTER THAT MAY BE LYING ABOUT AND SIT ON THAT.

**THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER**

THE MAN WHO WROTE THE FOLLOWING FAIRY STORY WAS ONE OF THE WISEST MEN WHO EVER LIVED, BUT LIKE MANY OTHER WISE PERSONS JOHN RUSKIN REALIZED THE VALUE OF HIS OWN WISDOM, AND HE WROTE THE FOLLOWING FAIRY STORY FOR A LITTLE GIRL FRIEND OF HIS, AND I AM GOING TO REPEAT IT TO YOU IN THIS PAGE EVERY WEEK, UNTIL IT IS FINISHED.

IN A SECLUDED AND MOUNTAINOUS PART OF SYRIA, THERE WAS IN OLD TIME, A VALLEY OF THE MOST SURPRISING AND LUXURANT FERTILITY. IT WAS SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY STEEP AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS, RISING INTO PEAKS WHICH WERE ALWAYS COVERED WITH SNOW AND FROM WHICH A NUMBER OF TORRENTS DESCENDED IN CONSTANT CATARACTS. ONE OF THESE FELL WESTWARD OVER THE FACE OF A CRAG SO HIGH THAT THE SUN HAD SET TO EVERYTHING ELSE, AND ALL BELOW WAS DARKNESS, HIS BEAMS HEAVY UPON THE SNOW, SO THAT IT LOOKED LIKE A SHROUD, AND GOLD. IT WAS, THEREFORE, CALLED BY THE PEOPLE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD, THE GOLDEN RIVER.

IT WAS STRANGE THAT NONE OF THESE STREAMS FELL INTO THE VALLEY ITSELF. THEY ALL DESCENDED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAINS, AND WOUND AWAY THROUGH BROAD PLAINS AND BY POPULOUS CITIES. BUT THE CLOUDS WERE DRAWN SO CONSTANTLY TO THE SNOWY HILLS, AND RESTED SO SOFTLY IN THE CIRCULAR HOLLOW, THAT IN TIME OF DROUGHT AND HEAT, WHEN THE COUNTRY ROUND THE RIVER BURNED UP, THERE WAS STILL RAIN IN THE APPLES AND ITS CROPS WERE SO HEAVY THAT THEY LAY LOW, AND THE APPLES SO RED, AND ITS GRAPES SO BLUE, AND ITS WINE SO RICH, AND ITS HONEY SWEET, THAT IT WAS A MARVEL TO EVERYONE WHO SAW IT, AND WAS COMMONLY CALLED THE TREASURE VALLEY.

# "The Fatal Arrow"

Drawn By  
NELL BRINKLEY  
Copyright 1918, Nell Brinkley, Famous Artists, Inc.



He doesn't seem a bit repentant, does he, as he stands there laughing it to die and saying between breaths: "I did it with my little arrow; I cannot tell a lie. The fact is, he's tickled to death—he's shot a fatal arrow and he knows it and the young lady, if she thinks she will get over the wound, has another guess."

as she will find out. There's only one cure and she'll come to know what that is. When the man, the one man, tells her he can't live without her and that she is the sweetest, dearest, most loving creature in the world, oh, then the archer will laugh gaily and go on his way and do some more execution.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

## aces down Country

SOME CHRONICLES OF THE DAYS OF THE WAR  
PARTY AND THE BUFFALO  
STORIES TOLD AROUND THE FIRES OF THE HUNTING  
CAMPS OF BYGONE DAYS

## Chronicles of The Royal North West Mounted Police

**HORSE & CATTLE THIEVES  
TROUBLE SOME TO N.W.M.P.—WHITE AND RED MEN  
GUILTY—STEALING OF  
UNBRANDED ANIMALS—A  
CLEVER DETECTION BY A  
POLICEMAN.**

Horse and cattle thieves have always been very troublesome to the North West Mounted Police, from the earliest days. Particularly on the American border their vigilance could never be relaxed. The temptation to "run" a bunch of stolen horses or cattle over the frontier was a very great one, the profits on the venture, if successful, were large and there were plenty willing to take the chance that offered to make their fortunes.

In respect to horse thieving the honors have been pretty well divided between the white and red men. In the "bad lands" of Montana, there has always existed a class of desperado to whom the game of horse stealing has been very fascinating. On both sides of the border the Indians and half breeds have been even more susceptible to the fascination. It must be admitted that such depredations on their neighbors have all the mighty sanction of tradition behind. In Indian warfare among tribes between whom an hereditary feud existed, the raiding of each other's herds was a recognized form of reprisal. Blackfeet and Crees from time immemorial had waged such a war against themselves and their young men were trained to horse stealing as a essential part of their education.

The advent of the North West Mounted Police, however, in the Territories, put a damper on this species of raiding, but it took many long and patient years to bring about any real decrease in the evil. The Indian mind was slow to grasp the new doctrine preached, the more so because the law below the border was lax, and the red men failed to recognize the easy spirit of the one side with the severity of the other.

The policy of the police was to hit hard and quickly. Where retaliation followed swiftly upon the detection of the deed, the moral of the lesson was increased tenfold in value. The following incident had a beneficial effect in its own area. Three men came in to the Maple Creek N.W.M.P. Post to announce that a party of Crees had stolen thirty-four head of horses from a certain ranch in Montana. On discussing the loss they at once allowed up the Indian trail and arrived at Fort Walsh a little in advance of the riders. When in reaching the Express Hills (a favorite hiding place) divided into three parties, each of which took a separate trail to their camp, which was about thirty miles from the fort.

In less than half an hour from the time the information was lodged Sergeant Patterson with ten troopers was on the track of the thieves. When ten miles out he intercepted seven Indians who were carrying the head of horses. These were arrested and sent to Fort Walsh. Farther on, other Indians with stolen horses were caught up and dealt with in the same way and at the camp the balance was recovered. Within twelve hours after their bringing in the tidings of the theft the men belonging to the ranch from which the horses had been stolen were on their way back to Montana with their thirty-four horses and eleven riders. The Crees were taken out and kept in the Police guard room. The Indians were later sentenced to two years' imprisonment each in the Manitoba penitentiary.

Apart from the stealing of horses which have been sent out on the ranges and "lifted" there by night or that have been taken out of the corral, a profitable form of theft was the seizure of "mavericks" or young unbranded animals. These have been driven off, were eventually marked with a new brand which rendered identification very difficult. Many stock owners in Canada, principally in Alberta, suffered heavy losses in this direction.

tion. A gang of skilful thieves worked the game quite successfully for a long time and it was only through the cleverness of a N.W.M.P. officer that a stop was put to their practices.

For some time it had been suspected that the thieves were working in conjunction with some unscrupulous rancher. Their raids were timed so that it was clear they received special information as to the various stock owners' round ups, the movements of the Police, and so on. In order to get at the root of the mystery Sergeant Egan, who had done good detective work of a similar kind before, was detailed to make investigations. Dressed in plain clothes he watched the country closely until his suspicions fell on a certain ranchman. The clue was slight, but he thought it might lead to something so he determined to follow it up.

One day he appeared at the ranch looking very much like many other "hobos" who drifted about more or less seeking employment.

"Got a job for me?" he inquired.

The rancher looked him over and presumably was impressed in his favor.

"What can you do?" he asked, "brunch busting?"

"No, I ain't great shakes on bronchos. Not my line. I can cook a bit and do odd chores."

"Well, sling your bunk in that shed," said the other. "As it happens I want a fellow for light work just now."

Egan was, therefore, taken on. He stopped at the ranch for four or five months making himself useful through the winter and gaining his employer's confidence.

One morning in the spring the rancher asked him, "Do you think you can ride a bit now?"

Egan replied that he thought that he had had enough practice to be able to stick on pretty well.

"Very good," said the rancher, "come along with me; I've got a job for you."

A little later the two men were riding out to the creek and the sergeant felt that something was going to happen. Something was in the air, nicely sheltered from observation, was a bunch of "mavericks," a very nice lot altogether and certainly the property of some one. Egan, however, knew the extent of the stock on the ranch. He asked no questions, but proceeded to follow the employer's instructions and assist in branding the animals. One by one they were roped, thrown and stung, with the rancher's brand. After this had been done, the horses were herded together and they started homeward.

At a certain point the trail divided, one fork leading on to the ranch while the other led south to a place near which was a Police Post. When they came to this fork Egan steered the horses into the southern road.

"See here, what are you doing?" cried the rancher, "aving me to lose your fool; that ain't our way."

"I guess it is," was the reply.

"Not it! This's the road to Twenty Mile. That's our trail."

Then the sergeant turned in his saddle. "I know what I'm doing," he said, "we're going to Twenty Mile. I guess it's all right, you know who I am, I'm a Mounted Policeman. You're the fellow we have been looking for."

He drew out his revolver and the rancher saw the game was up. Egan sent him on ahead and in due course they arrived at the Post. The gang with which the Policeman's prisoner was operating was broken up; some were caught and exemplary sentences were inflicted.

*Hamilton*

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**Question:** Farmer's Wife. How does camphor keep moths away?

**Answer:** Camphor, like most things which have a smell is what we call volatile, that is, it gives itself off into the air in the form of a gas. Like many other volatile things too, it is an antiseptic which is very bad for the lives of microbes. Now most things that are poisonous to microbes are poisonous to insects. Indeed, as a rule, a poison to any kind of life is a poison to all kinds of life. Camphor in large enough doses would kill a man. The camphor gives itself off into the air around it and as it is very poisonous to moths when they smell it, they fly away. It is a great advantage when antiseptics are volatile and all the most useful antiseptics are volatile. If a thing is not volatile it can only take effect on anything that actually touches it, and maybe not even then, unless the thing actually starts to eat it, which is unlikely.

If an antiseptic, such as camphor, is volatile, it flies about in the air everywhere. Of course as it spreads the amount of it in the air gets less and so insects or microbes can get within a certain distance and not suffer; but if they go nearer they would be killed. Everything we put in a drawer, therefore, to preserve clothes is volatile so that it can protect the whole drawer.

**Question:** Farmer. Will the earth ever stop spinning?

**Answer:** Everyone knows quite well that nothing stops spinning or moving unless something stops it. A top would not stop spinning but for the resistance of the air and the surface it spins on. The question is do we know anything going on now, or anything that is likely to happen in the future which may stop the spinning of the earth. The reply is that the tides have this effect, though many ages may pass before it is shown that perhaps the mere presence of the ocean in space has some effect of resistance; and that in all probability the earth will, therefore, stop spinning some day.

**Question:** Student. Why does a light go out in water but flare up in kerosene?

**Answer:** Water is burned or oxidized hydrogen. Being already burned it can be burned no more. When a light is dipped in water it is deprived of the oxygen by which it is burning, just as drowning man would be. There is a little oxygen dissolved in water enough for fishes to burn or breathe by; but this is not enough to support a light. Perhaps it might be that but water is a very quick and good conductor of heat. So when a burning thing, or a hot glowing thing, is put in water, the burning is plunged into water, it very rapidly loses a lot of heat to the water, and so it is lowered to a temperature at which it cannot burn or glow as the case may be. But kerosene is a compound of carbon and hydrogen, each of which is very ready to combine with oxygen, that is to burn, when it is made hot enough. For light put into it does this, and so the light flares up, because the kerosene begins to burn.

**Question:** What does materialism mean?

**Answer:** The word materialism although it has many slightly different meanings, always means more or less the belief that matter is the all important thing and that mind is of less or no importance.

Even people who are anxious to be on their guard about this are liable to be guilty of making this great mistake in one way or another; and the outward difference between wisdom and folly depends not on how much a man knows but whether he knows this. It is materialism to worship the things of the world and to be proud of them rather than what it means or to care very much about forms and ceremonies, and to forget His words when He said: "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" or "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" He also said: "The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment."

**Question:** Does the shape of the brain mean anything?

**Answer:** The fact that the shape of the head does not correspond with the shape of the brain is one fatal objection to phrenology. Another is ever more serious. It is that the difference in the mere outside shape and even in the number and shape and arrangement of the cells that compose the grey matter. These differences can only be seen when the brain is finely sliced and carefully examined by the microscope.

## MAN OF READY WIT

Sir P. Lloyd-Graeme, the new parliamentary secretary to the British Board of Trade, is a man like a red hot wire that is not of ready wit, as the numerous stories about him abundantly prove.

On one occasion, for instance, an acquaintance of his who happens to be a staunch vegetarian, stated in his presence that he declined even to eat eggs, giving as his reason that they "would turn into chickens."

"The kind of eggs I eat would not," objected Sir Philip.

"Oh, what sort of eggs are those?"

"Bouled eggs."

Another time somebody said to him that labor troubles cropped up nowadays with the regularity of clockwork.

"Yes," was his quick reply, "do seem to have the strike habit."

## IS IT YOUR FAULT?

I wonder if it is your fault if your life is too hard. I have spoken before of the proud mother who dresses her little girls in light cotton dresses and has to wash every day. I really do not think this is anything to be proud of. I know a young wife at the present moment who is taking a rest for some weeks in a hospital because she had this mania for dressing her children up. Her baby uses to wear two or three "clean" frocks a day because she loved to see him pretty and would not put him into a dark colored overall. Are you doing every look the quickest and easiest way?

## 'The PERSONAL SIDE

PROMINENT WESTERN CHARACTERS—SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW.

## MR. TOM HOURIE

(Continued from last week)

**Tom Hourie Carries Another Despatch for the General—Narrow Escape of Capture by Riel's Scouts—A White Saddle Hides Him—Chased and Fired At**

After delivering the despatch to Colonel Irvine at Prince Albert, Tom came back to Clark's training where General Middleton was and I was with him. The General gave Tom another despatch and told him to take it to Prince Albert. On the way at McIntosh's farm, McIntosh, who had seen Riel's scouts go by, said to him, "My God, Tom, did you see Riel's scouts pass here a little while ago?" Tom said, "No." McIntosh said, "They will be back in a little." McIntosh put Tom's horse in the stable and locked the door. It was a log house and McIntosh hid Tom upstairs. McIntosh then went out from the house to the fence where he saw Riel's scouts coming riding back. So McIntosh went to the gate and talked to them. They said, "Has anybody been here?" McIntosh said, "No, I did not see anybody as has been here." "Oh," they said, "I was the track of a horse come in here. It came down here." "Oh," said McIntosh, "I did not see him pass." McIntosh was a white man but the half-breeds were friendly with him, and they went right on to Fish Creek where the main body of Riel's men were.

After the sun had set Tom told McIntosh he must go. McIntosh said, "They are all camped at Fish Creek right on the trail and they will lay wait for you as sure as anything." Tom says, "That's all right. I'll get there alright," and so he starts out in the dark on his horse, and makes across the prairie to the Red River trail that goes to Carleton Place. He travels all night. He crossed the Red River trail, the old original trail from Fort Garry to Carleton, so that he got past the trail of Riel's scouts. But before he got through two of Riel's scouts saw Tom and gave chase. Fortunately Tom had a good fast horse of mine. I had for a running horse, and it stood Tom in good stead that day. It was soft ground and the horses could not go very quick, but as soon as they got out of the soft ground Tom began to draw away and then they began to fire at him with rifles, but he got away safe. Tom said the bullets were flying close to him many a time. After he had shaken off the scouts Tom went right through to Prince Albert alright, and delivered his second despatch.

The story of Fish Creek and how Tom captured Riel must be reserved for some future occasion.

JOHN HAWKES.

## SIR DONALD MANN AND HIS DUEL

Sir Donald Mann has the reputation of being what is known on the American continent as a "good sport."

On one occasion when he was in the heyday of his railway activities he made a trip to China to look at some railway building possibilities in the celestial country.

He is not averse to a little game of cards when the occasion offers, and during the voyage on one of the Empress boats he got into rather a tall poker game with some attaches of the Peking legation. He noticed that a young Italian, with an olive complexion and waxed moustaches, was consistently winning, and after a time Sir Donald came to the conclusion that the pile of chips which he was amassing by his hand was not coming to him through either his cards or good play. He watched him very carefully and detected him in the act of substituting cards.

With the downrightness for which he is famous Sir Donald had at once accused him of cheating. The Italian was greatly offended and so expressed himself.

The day after the arrival of the ship in China when Sir Donald was having breakfast in the hotel, he was waited upon by a most diffident Frenchman, who announced that he came to represent the aggrieved Italian, and demanded satisfaction for the insult which had been offered to his friend. At first Sir Donald did not quite catch the drift of the visitation, then he said in astonishment:

"Do I understand your suggestion to me is that I fight a duel with that whippersnapper?"

The Frenchman indicated that the Canadian's surmise was correct.

"All right," said Sir Donald, "I will fight him a duel, and I suppose, being the challenged party, I have the choice of weapons."

"Yes," said the Frenchman, "that is according to the code. What will you choose: pistols, rapiers or sabres?"

"Well," said Sir Donald, "I think I will choose the Canadian national weapon."

"That will be quite satisfactory," said the other, "and what is the Canadian national weapon?"

"I will use an axe," said Sir Donald, "tell the whippersnapper I will chop him to pieces, too."

## IT IS SAID—

That it would add a new terror to life if there were many people whose sense of humor led them to put rat poison in a friend's sandwich as a practical joke. When the case came into court under the name of "practical jokes" was mentioned, a man extinguished the lights of a theatre staircase and barred the gallery door just as the people were coming out. (In the stampede that followed one person was killed and others injured.)

That a shabbily dressed man of nearly eighty has been surprising the secretaries of London hospitals and institutions by coming in and saying he would like to make a little donation, and then producing from a canvas bag a roll of new \$500 notes, one of which he hands to the secretary, refusing to give his name or to accept a receipt. That the craze for excitement and amusements nowadays "gives one a shivering feeling that there is a horrible likeness between what amuses the mass of the people now and what amused them in the declining days of the Roman Empire."—The Bishop of Sheffield.

That the search for coal substitutes is no new thing. In 1667 Evelyn, the diarist, mentions that people were trying a "new fuel," compounded of charcoal dust and loam.



## McKEE'S STORES

Telephone 9 "Always at Your Service" Bassano

SUPPLEMENT TO

## McKEE'S Sale Bulletin

on centre page of this issue

We would like to give you the details of the thousand and one bargain offerings at this sale and could use a whole newspaper, and not do justice to the goods. Enough that you can gather from the published items the extent of the reductions, and how you can save money by buying **McKEE'S MERCHANDISE** when this **SALE OPENS** on **SATURDAY, JANUARY 15th.**

\$25.00

in Cash Prizes for Boys and Girls. How many English words, proper names, excluded, can you compose from the letters in this phrase:

## McKEE'S RIOT SALE

First Prize—\$15.00  
Second Prize—\$7.00  
Third Prize—\$3.00.

Entries close 10 a.m. on the morning of January 25. Leave your effort at McKee's store any time before then.

## 25c Ladies' Handkerchiefs 12½c

Fine lawn-hemstitched and embroidered. Sale price 2 for 25c

## \$5.25 Ladies' Combinations for \$3.95

A cream colored Union Suit, high neck and long sleeves, 70 percent wool. Reg. \$5.25. Sale price \$3.95

## \$15 Ladies' Pullovers and Coat Sweaters \$6.95

Some of our best makes of knit goods are represented in this lot. Wide assortment in color and style. Reg. \$8.50 to \$15.00. Sale price \$6.95

## "Gossard" Corsets and Brassieres

Ladies who are particular choose the Gossard to wear with their nicest apparel. We have just opened up a new stock of these and you can buy a Gossard Corset as low as \$3.00 at this sale. 25 percent off on all lines in corsets and brassieres.

## \$5.75 Working Pants for \$3.95

Fine stripe English Mole skin, built for service. Reg. \$5.75, sale price \$3.95

## \$7.50 Fine Pants \$4.95

A choice lot of dress pants in fine Worsted in small checks and neat stripes. Reg. \$6 to \$7, sale price \$4.95

## \$1.50 Men's Neckwear 60c

the popular shaped tie in wide assortment of colors and design in fine silks. Reg. \$1.25 to \$1.50, sale price 60c

## \$7.50 Grey Blankets \$4.95

A good blanket for rough wear, weighs 6 lbs and you cannot get better value anywhere. Sale price, pair \$4.95

## 35c Arrow Brand Collars, 5c each

This outfit is comprised of odd sizes in styles other than our regular stock numbers. Your style and size may be among these. Sale price each 5c

## Grocery Specials

BEANS—the finest Kottanashi, small white ivory, reg. 12½c, sale price 9c

9c

## BAKING POWDER

Gold Standard, 1 lb tins, reg. 45c, sale price 1b.

28c

Don't forget this sale only lasts for ten days. Make the most of this opportunity, and save money by anticipating your wants for months ahead.

Domination Sales Company per W. H. Hyslop in charge.

## McKee's Stores

At military and colleges in the United States more than 5,000 students are taking a regulation artillery course.

Eighteen of the presidents of the United States were at some time during their lives, soldiers in active service.

More than 2,000 disabled ex-soldiers of the United States are now receiving pensions.

Chemists are working to develop a flashless powder which will make the charge of artillery non-observable at night.

The bodies of about 600 American soldiers who died in England, are to

remain permanently in that country by request of the families of the men. More than 100 women are members

WANTED—Tenders for contract for double digging 500 acres new breaking, Majorville district, at commencement of spring. Applicants state price per acre and apply to box 185, Bassano. 15-21p

## Local and Personal

C. Clarke of Majorville was in town for a few days.

Saturday sees McKee's stock offered at a fraction of its value.

Bert Hoffman, of Calgary, visited his daughter, Mrs. L. D. Reebitz this week.

The Union Bank staff spent a busy time last week, owing to a visitation by the bank auditor.

George H. Gooderham, Indian agent for the Blackfoot Indians, was married to Miss Mary Kehmer, of Toronto, at Winnipeg last week.

Mr. Hyslop, of the Dominion Sales Co., Vancouver, arrived in town this week to conduct the big sale at McKee's stores.

Alex McDougall of Calgary, was in town having been called here on account of the death of his sister the late Mrs. A. G. Bond.

Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Scott and son returned from Minot, Manitoba where they were called by the death of Dr. Scott's father.

Mrs. Bolton, of Bassano, and daughter, Miss Edith, wife of Mr. Duesch, spent a few days in Calgary.

The Bassano local of the U. F. A. had a very jolly time last Friday evening in the Trading Co. hall when a pleasant social time was spent. Cards and dancing were the chief amusements.

Strathmore council is endeavoring to give electricity for lighting purposes from Calgary.

A rink of Bassano curlers went to Brooks this week to participate in the bonspiel there.

Curling has proven to be a tremendous success in Glenside this year. The Call says that it has met with greater enthusiasm than any sport introduced into that town even although not more than a dozen ever played the game before.

J. Coe the local bootlegger, was again taken up in the toils and is now serving a four months sentence in the Lethbridge Jail. Corporal Wright laid a charge against him last week and A. G. Bond imposed a fine of \$100 and costs or four months in jail. The money was not forthcoming so he now abides in jail.

As Bowlers "The Mac" appear to be fine checker players. The Bonspiel abouts gave them a terrible beating last week, the final figures from the auditor being 1187 to 1008. Jimmie Stinson was high bowler with a 72. The Teams: Macs, McLaws, McCaughy, McClelland, McKinnon, McKee, Bonshors, Forter, Millroy, Currie, Holmes and Stinson.

It is almost a certainty, (if the paradox is permissible), that Bassano will have a 24-hour electric service within a few weeks. E. A. Brown, owner of the system, was in town last Saturday and stated that the day service should be commenced soon, but just then he could not state arrangements with the C. P. R. are pending and the auxiliary plant will soon be in shape for operation.

You may be kicking yourself next spring that you didn't buy health at McKee's sale, 15th to 25th.

Bassano plays in Strathmore on Saturday next.

The hand will be at the rink to dispense music on Friday night. There will be no extra charge for skaters.

The Girls Institute Club are holding a sale of cake and candy in the Ingram block from 3 to 6 on Saturday afternoon. Tea will be served.

The Annual Congregational meeting of the Presbyterian Church will be held in the church on Wednesday evening, the 19th inst. at 8 o'clock, when reports from the various organizations will be read and managers for the coming year elected. Everyone interested is urged to attend.

On Sunday, Jan. 10th, at 11:30 o'clock in the forenoon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed at the Presbyterian Church. All members and friends of the congregation are urged to attend this service. The Sunday School and Adult Bible Class will meet at 10 a.m. during the above service. Public worship at 7:30 p.m. In the Sunday School and at the services morning and evening special offerings will be taken to help China's starving millions. There are 30 millions destitute and dying; relief is urgently needed.

Money don't seem to be as scarce as some people think judging by the crowds of eager buyers who have attended James Johnston's Sale during the past few days and they seem to be still going strong.

WANTED—Woman to do general housework. Mrs. Stiles, Bassano, 19th.

Dressmaking—Mrs. Holbrook and Mrs. Irwin. Phone 77 or address Bassano postoffice.

BORN GRAHAM—On Jan. 6th, 1921, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Graham, at the Bassano Hospital, a daughter.

Farmers of the Queenstown and Mile districts, who have been agitating for the completion of the Buffalo

Lomond branch across country to Blackie, in order to serve their district, will have an early opportunity of meeting vice-president Chairman of the C.P.R. in the matter.

Hon. C.R. Mitchell, provincial treasurer, and member for Bow Valley, has communicated with Mr. Coleman requesting an appointment for

the farmers' committee and has received a reply from Mr. Coleman stating that he is leaving for Montreal shortly where the matter of the proposed extension will be given the fullest consideration, and that on his return west, he will immediately arrange for a meeting with the committee of farmers from the district.

## Flanagan Bros.

## Carpenters' Tools!

When you require a Set of Tools, or even a Single Tool, get a good one. Cheap tools are never satisfactory and don't last long. We stock standard tools from the best makers, reasonably priced.



## Handsaws

Disston's Atkins Maple Leaf

## Hammers

Maydole Hammers Smart Hammers



## "Yankee"

Automatic Screwdrivers and Automatic Bitts

## Stanley Planes



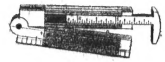
## Stanley Planes



## Stanley

Squares Screwdrivers Braces

Irwin Auger bitts P. S. & W. Chisels Try Squares  
Marking Gauges Saw Files Butt Gauges



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